

Chorus of Beings

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/35133304) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/35133304>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Relationships:	Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & TommyInnit & Phil Watson , TommyInnit & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)
Characters:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Fae , Fae & Fairies , Fae Magic , Hurt/Comfort , Angst with a Happy Ending , Sleepy Bois Inc as Family , Angst , Sad TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , It Gets Worse Before It Gets Better , no beta we die , Tags Contain Spoilers , beyond this point , Fae Wilbur Soot , Fae Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Fae Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Fae TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Near Death Experiences
Language:	English
Collections:	Comfort fics :D , Dsmp fics , start reading
Stats:	Published: 2021-11-15 Words: 1,735 Chapters: 1/1

Chorus of Beings

by [idiotwithinternet](#)

Summary

Names are sacred things, whispered once when given and then never again, for you never know who is listening. There's nothing more deadly than saying your name, though just thinking it comes close. Rumors float about ancient ones, ones so far removed from the fragility of humanity, that they may as well be able to read minds.

It may be just a rumor, but everything is grounded in some form of truth. So every rumor is heeded, folded into the rules that make up the walls surrounding and protecting those who heed them.

Or: Tommy has neither a name nor a family, not everything is clear, and not every rule deserves to be followed.

Notes

My brain would not let me rest until I contributed to fae SBI, so here I am.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Names are sacred things, whispered once when given and then *never again* , for you never know who is listening. There's nothing more deadly than saying your name, though just thinking it comes close. Rumors float about ancient ones, ones so far removed from the fragility of humanity, that they may as well be able to read minds.

It may be just a rumor, but everything is grounded in some form of truth. So every rumor is heeded, folded into the rules that make up the walls surrounding and protecting those who heed them.

There are rules about how to speak, what to say, how to act, and where to go. There are rules about eye contact and respect, about volume and gestures.

There are rules, and they must be followed.

This is something he knows well. He's always known them, as everyone has always known them. He never dares enter the sprawling woods, no matter how much he longs to when faced with the scrutiny of others, no matter how the constantly shifting nature of it intrigues him.

He never speaks first, never makes eye contact, never gestures boldly in the way his instincts demand. He never says 'thank you', but he also never turns down a gift.

He never thinks his name, but then again, he's never known it. It's the reason for scorn, for quicker steps and hushed words. His name has already been taken, and they'll collect him soon enough.

But, sometimes, he thinks that his name was never taken. He dreams, cautiously, about how he has never been given his yet or, perhaps, how he gave it as a gift. Something a lot like hope sits just beneath his heart no matter how hard everyone tries to kill it.

Hope does not belong in this world, and sometimes he wishes he didn't either. But he does, and he always will, because no matter how much they hate him, the villagers wouldn't force him into the woods.

That would be a fate worse than anything they'd wish upon the lowest of life forms.

He sometimes feels like the lowest of life forms.

Most days he spends locked in his house. It's nothing impressive, his house. Everyone has one, to not is a death sentence. Unlike them, those who call the woods home are not bound by its borders.

You only leave when you have somewhere to be, a truth you can tell to remove yourself from polite conversation.

He never has anywhere to be, so he sits in his house, quiet wrapped around him in a blanket pulled just too tight. Suffocating, but not enough to move.

There's not much to do, but occasionally something new will make itself known.

It began with a mirror, propped up in front of his bed, only it never seemed to reflect anything. And he knows it's not his, not anyone's really, but to remove it would go against the rules. So that it stays, slowly collecting dust in a mockery of what it was supposed to be.

He never looks into it, knows that to do so would sprout an irreversible change to the very foundation of his being.

It continued with a book, lying innocently upon his nightstand. It is open to a page, but he dares not to read. He never touches it, never uses the nightstand anymore - not that it was used all that much to begin with. He's never had anything to call his own after all. Not even his name.

It ends with a feather upon his bed. Placed just so, he can no longer sleep. Sleeping anywhere other than a bed is just asking for trouble. And it's been days and he's *tired* and so very human in this moment that he cannot remember that he cannot look.

And he gazes into the mirror, and his reflection, so very lonely like him, stares back. They are asking a question

Where are your wings?

He doesn't know the answer in the way that he does. In the way that he tries not to, freezing himself in the hopes that the boat will not rock. As though he is the only thing affecting it, as though if he closes his eyes and covers his ears the waves will not hit.

Where are your wings?

He's too scared to give himself the answer.

There are core pieces of his soul, cut out and pinned to the inside of the mirror in a mockery of his reflection. He pretends he doesn't see because that's what the rules dictate. And he does try to follow the rules, no matter how badly they strangle and pry into his very being.

He's so very tired, and the book has never seemed more appealing. He doesn't even know if he can read, but his brain convinces him he can. He's already looked at one. Nothing can stop what's happening, so there's no reason to not look at another. It is written in a language he *doesn't understand*. It makes his soul cry and scratch at his skull. It makes the missing pieces bang upon their prison.

He reads no more.

He cannot bring himself to move the feather. It's something beyond the rules. Beyond who he is and who he was. Beyond everything he could ever be, he cannot touch the feather.

And there is something living in the back of his mind, that came over from the mirror and cemented its home following the words of the book. It tells him that he has to touch, has to hold and cherish and love and appreciate and call-for-his-family.

He's never had a family and he cannot touch the feather.

But he is still tired, and the floor is a lot closer than it ever used to be. He still does not sleep, because he cannot break the rules.

Every night he spends upon the floor he hears them. A chorus of beings coming from the dark corner of his house. Sometimes he pretends he can join in, too.

But it's better to ignore them.

Ignorance is bliss after all.

But he cannot play the fool forever. He's weak and so very human in his fatigue, and the thing living in his brain grows with each passing day. Soon, soon it will be more than he ever was. Somehow, he doesn't think he minds.

It's been days and his limbs are shaky when he stands. They tremble, rebelling against him and the rules the best they can. He takes each step forward patiently, something he's never really been because to fall would be to die. He does not have the energy to stand again. Even if he did, he does not think he could force himself to.

He rests, lets the thing take the lead. It's already started, and he cannot stop it, does not want to.

The feather is so very soft and so very warm. It reaches into who he is and whispers a promise of protection in exchange for everything he is and everything he was.

He never wants to let go, wants to hold the feather closer to his soul so that nothing could ever cut it again. He wants to give up and give in so much it hurts more than the rules ever did, but he cannot speak.

It is against the rules.

Tears fall as he cradles the feather, holding the weight of a promise he cannot accept and everything he cannot become.

The thing living within his brains cries too, wails and tears scars into his skull. It hurts, *he* hurts.

The feather reaches further into his being, curls itself around his very soul, crooning that they're coming he just needs to *hold on*.

And nothing has ever sounded harder in his life, but they're coming and he's not alone and maybe, just maybe, he can stand for a few minutes more. Maybe, just maybe, the thing can keep him standing when he falls.

But he's so very tired, and the floor is so very close again. All it would take would be one blink from which he keeps his eyes closed. He doesn't want to close them, his soul is finally warm feeling some semblance of whole and he cannot miss this. Then again, if he closes his eyes, he never again will live without feeling warm.

The being around his soul squeezes tighter, rambling about how he will never be cold again if he just keeps his eyes open if he just accepts the promise if he just holds on.

He may be able to follow the rules, but he's never been too good about promises.

He blinks and does not open his eyes.

His hands are no longer covering his ears and he hears when they come, hears the franticness at the door, the pleading to be let in. But he cannot stand, cannot open his eyes, cannot break the rules.

The rules have never applied to those who call the woods home.

He hears when the door is no longer an obstacle, hears the panic in voices so far away, hears when they see him. Hears the way they rush towards him, sliding along the floor until they can hold his body close.

He feels them, feels his soul snap back into place like opposing magnets. Feels the rush of warmth through his veins and two more cradling his being. He feels, and he remembers, and he sleeps.

And when he wakes he knows that he is home. The rules do not bind him, and his back no longer aches with each breath he takes.

He remembers and he forgets and he knows.

His family, he has a family, and they have yet to let him go. They will never let him go.

He is no longer everything he was, forgotten and left behind in the face of everything he could ever be and promises made long before he was. He can trace the broken edges of his soul like the seams of a puzzle. It's whole again, but fragile in a way that is so very human. He's fragile now in a way that's so very human.

But his family has him, holds him close, and runs fingers along the breaks, soothes them into healing. All the while memories carve out the space they once inhabited.

Tommy is not human and he is finally home.

End Notes

If you enjoyed (and I hope you did), leave a kudos and perhaps a comment if you wish.

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